

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



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CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

ORIGIN AND AIM: The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie, to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical, Medical, Educational.

GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION:

The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

SPIRIT: The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

* * * *

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara.

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

* * * *

OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:

White Sisters Convent
319 Middlesex Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey

THE MESSENGER OF

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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Half a Century Accomplishment

1892 - 1942

"Vir obediens loquetur victoriam."

—Prov. XXI - 28

THESE WORDS are most fittingly applied to Cardinal Lavigerie. It is his unstinting and minute obedience, to not merely the commands but the wishes of the Holy See, that brought about his death November 26, 1892. The torrents of abuse that followed the "Toast of Algiers" all but overwhelmed the heart of the Cardinal whose health had been seriously impaired by the fatigues of the anti-slavery campaign.

When Pope Leo XIII learned the sad news by Cardinal Rampolla, the Holy Father, recalling the irreparable loss suffered by the Holy Church in the death of her great son, exclaimed, "I myself, I feel all that I have lost, I loved Cardinal Lavigerie as a brother, as Peter loved Andrew."



*"The charity of Christ
urgeth me."*

Cardinal
Lavigerie's
Watchword.

Like all great men, recognition came after his death. Friend and foe vied with each other in praising the work accomplished by this giant of an apostle, struck down by an untimely death.

Some time before our beloved Father passed away, speaking to his sons the White Fathers regarding the various works of charity he had established: "Do not be anxious you will see that it is after my death they will really increase and develop."

Each new day sees the prophecy fulfilling itself. When Cardinal Lavigerie died, there were five Vicariates Apostolic, but the ecclesiastical divisions were as empty frames, so small was the number of Missionaries and Neophytes, thinned out by bloody persecution and civil war. Today, end of June 1941, the Society of Missionaries of Africa has a membership of 2,200 White Fathers and Brothers; the White Sisters number 1,500 Professed Nuns, established in 120 missions. The territory in which they carry on their apostolic labours now comprises 19 Vicariates and 4 Prefectures Apostolic. The 318 mission stations count a population of 1,827,500 converts and 590,500 Catechumens preparing to receive the Sacrament of Baptism.

(Please turn the page)

*"The services you
have rendered to
Africa merit for
you to be counted
among those who
deserve most from
Catholicity and
civilization."*

— Pope Leo XIII
to Cardinal
Lavigerie.



*"I die then,
beloved Africa,
without having
been able to do
anything save
suffer, and by my
sufferings, prepare
for you apostles."*

— Cardinal
Lavigerie

HALF A CENTURY ACCOMPLISHMENT

(Concluded)

Our African Natives are justly proud of the apostles sprung up from their own ranks: one native Bishop, 220 Priests, 690 Nuns and 11,750 Catechists.

For such splendid results all praise and all thanksgiving is due to God, the author of all good, and to Mary Immaculate, Queen of Africa. Due honor should also be given to Cardinal Lavigerie for his far-sightedness, for his exuberant activity, for his boundless faith, for his untiring zeal. Such an active and fruitful life must have had for foundation that "complete sanctity pursued with fidelity and courage," which the Founder required of all his Missionaries.

In these days of world turmoil and war havoc, it is comforting to read the rules of Charity, among nationalities, laid down by Cardinal Lavigerie for his Children, the White Fathers and White Sisters. Both Institutes receive in their ranks members from all the Catholic nations, and here follows the last will of a Father:

"My last piece of advice is the most important of all; without it all else will profit you nothing. 'Little children, love one an-

other.' Let your hearts and minds be as one. I want to see you united together in one large family, having a true **esprit de corps** in the Christian sense of that expression . . . You should be more than joined together, you should be **one**: it is the grace that our Lord asked the Father to grant to His apostles before He left them. **Ut unum sint . . .**"

"Hitherto you have been united under my fatherly charge in one single mind and heart, in accordance with the rule that I have set before you. I have told you that I will never keep a single one of you who does not include in an equal love all members of the society, no matter to what nation they belong. Keep that brotherly affection — more than ever, if that be possible — in every danger, every hardship and weariness, in death itself. **My ambition is that when men speak of this little society — the most obscure in origin and the latest comer among missionary societies — they will at any rate be able to say of it that it is above all Catholic, universal.**"

CARITAS, the one word motto of the great Cardinal, remains before the eyes of his Children a perpetual reminder of his legendary charity and teachings.

V...—

WAR NEWS

V...—

The War Front in North Africa brings the war very close to the home of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, "White Sisters," whose MOTHERHOUSE AT BIRMANDREIS is just outside ALGIERS. Our Congregation was born in Africa, for Africa. Nearly a third of our missions are found in this zone. Algeria has 23 stations of White Sisters, the Sahara 10, Tunisia 8 — divided into hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, workrooms, schools, etc.

We are confident Our Lady will watch over our Motherhouse, Missions and Sisters as she has so wonderfully protected us in other war zones that have much suffered from bombings. God and Our Lady know poor missionaries cannot afford such losses.

We are praying and hoping our American Boys will make a good religious impression on the Moslem World of North Africa, — for there a man is respected for as much as he has a religion he practices. Since the outbreak of the war a serious trend toward our Holy Religion has been noted in this North Africa heretofore so unchangeable. Such great good can come out of it all, may we be faithful to God's trust in us.

And may Our Brave American Boys be a challenge for others of our American Youth to JOIN THE ARMY OF CHRIST'S VOLUNTEERS — TO BECOME MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.



Motherhouse, Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa.

And the Sower Went Out to Sow

WE NEED NOT MANY WORDS to assure our dear Benefactors of our heartfelt gratitude. The very words of Our Lord himself are most expressive: "All that you have done for the least of my brethren, you have done unto me." To think of the poor Africans in these days of world upheaval is very noble and generous and we are confident Our Lord will not fail to repay each almsgiving with blessings on the United States.

Though there is no actual fighting going on in this corner of Africa, the war does not pass unnoticed. It does great harm to the mission materially and morally.

But now let me tell you about the Native Sisterhood of Tukuyu Prefecture. All in all it is a difficult task. There are up to now but two Novices, though several aspirants have presented themselves and tried more or less seriously to overcome the daily exterior and interior difficulties of the religious life. I may add right now that these elects had to make heroic sacrifices indeed.

One of these Caecilia narrowly escaped death on account of her vocation. She arrived at the Convent one evening and related her sad tale. All her supplications to be allowed to follow her vocation were in vain. Her mother refused to give her permission to enter the Convent, though being a Christian herself, she could have given one of her five daughters to Our Lord. She even went so far in her anger as to try to kill her daughter and would have succeeded had it not been for Caecilia's brother who interfered in the nick of time. Caecilia was no longer sure of her life, so she fled to us with the help of the Missionary Fathers. Once happily in the fold she earnestly set to work to live up to her calling.

A year or so later, one of her relatives was to receive Holy Orders in her Native Village. The Bishop gave permission to all our Aspirants to assist at the ceremonies and also to spend the holiday at home. In the meantime Caecilia's mother had calmed down, so she too was of the party. When all was over and the Bishop was to set out on the return journey with the band of Aspirants, a frightful scene occurred with Caecilia's mother. She first tried by all means to keep the girl back



A Native Sister Fulfilling a Loved Duty

and when neither kind words nor threats could move her daughter she threw herself in front of the lorry that was to carry the band home and screamingly refused to move unless Caecilia came down. There was no other way out, except that Caecilia stayed behind, waiting for a later occasion to return to the Convent. She escaped a second time and is presently a Novice.

Helena, her companion, had also to face tremendous difficulties till she became a Novice. Her father, a Protestant, had promised her in marriage and received the gifts, which he would not return when Helena wanted to follow her vocation. In like case the Mission must not only keep up the Aspirant through her years of training but also pay the dowry back, which in this region comes to some forty American dollars.

For a long time after Helena entered the Convent, she received threatening letters from her father who still hoped to make her give up her vocation. She suffered much under the dissensions of which she knew herself to be the cause. Nevertheless she persevered unwaveringly. Our Lord rewarded her fortitude and admitted her among his chosen ones.

Once again many thanks to our dear Benefactors. We shall not forget you in our prayers.

**Sr. M. Friedburga, W.S.
on Mission at Kisa, Tanganyika.**

IT WAS SUNDAY, and the day to pay our usual visit to the neighboring village, so two of us set out hoping to be able to do some good that day, especially among the village children. Great was our surprise on arriving at our destination, to find that flags and banners and bunting fluttered everywhere, and there was an unwonted stir and holiday bustle. The fair had already arrived and was opening that afternoon. Our first thoughts were that our visit would be in vain as naturally the children would prefer to go to the opening of the fair, rather than come to the Children's Meeting.

However, we decided to do as usual, hoping that perhaps we would be of some help, one way or another after all.

We had not long to wait for our opportunity of helping, for immediately after the first Mass two men came towards us: one was gesticulating and muttering rather excitedly, and as they approached, he said: "It is like the Holy Child, . . . just like the Infant Jesus." We looked a little mystified, so the other man hastened to explain briefly: "This man's wife has given birth to a baby boy, and the mother and baby are both lying on the straw in the village stable close by. They are very poor, perhaps you could find some suitable clothing and things?"

Yes, of course we wanted to help, but where to find the necessary things was a problem, for we were a good distance from our Convent. There was only one solution — look, ask and beg. Happily we had not to look very long, as the news had already spread, and had evoked general and practical sympathy. One woman, herself extremely poor, came running towards us carrying a packet of old linen, others followed bringing their gifts; we made quite a little procession: — the two of us, some interested and kindhearted neighbors, and the father of the baby, still repeating from time to time: "It is just like the Holy Child." We wended our way through the fair, and at last we came to the stable, and there we found the mother and child. Oh! let us hope that the stable

Like the H

of Bethlehem was not too like this one. What distress, what abject poverty and misery was there! Poor little mother and poor little mitel! But yes, indeed, the circumstances were poignantly reminiscent



Our Greeting

A Blessed
and may the
shower graces
on all the Benefactors
of the African
throughout the con

of Bethlehem. Only the ass and the ox were missing, and instead there was the caravan horse, for this couple were gypsies, going from fair to fair earning a very scanty and precarious livelihood.

Holy Child

The mother and baby were soon made comfortable. — Little presents continued to arrive: food, clothing and money. Everyone was touched because it was all so like Baby Jesus.



This gypsy family, lodging in the public stable of an Algerian village, was, no doubt, a rather odd replica of the Holy Family of Bethlehem, but to us it was truly "like the Holy Child," for "as long as you

do it to the least of My little ones you do it unto Me."

Now that the corporal needs of the infant had been attended to, we began to broach the subject of the spiritual.

"Shall we make arrangements for the Baptism?" we asked the father. He replied: "The baby has not been registered yet, and the Town Hall is closed until tomorrow." "But the Church is always open," we interposed. "There are no God-parents," was his answer to that. "Don't worry, we shall see to that," we added; and he made no further objection.

So at 3 o'clock, when the fun of the fair was at its height, a simple, yet touching ceremony was quietly taking place in the little Church, and thus the gypsy baby became a Child of God and heir to the Kingdom of Heaven.

No, our visit had not been in vain; in fact it had been particularly fruitful. We had helped to bring a little joy and comfort to a poor African family, and above all we rejoiced in the knowledge that there was one more temple of the Holy Ghost in the world.

Sister Rose of St. Mary.

THE FIRST BABY RANSOMED — FOR THE NEW SCHOOL TERM

Hartford, Conn., October 29, 1942.

Dear Sisters:

Enclosed is \$5. for a mission baby, which we the pupils of the eighth grade in St. Joseph Cathedral School have collected.

We collected this money by a Grab Bag and a Penny Parade during our auditorium, which is on Friday afternoon. There was a prize given to a boy and a girl who gave the most pennies in the Penny Parade. It was great fun in the Grab Bag for many boys got girls' books and jewelry, while girls got toy airplanes and boys' books.

We had so much fun that we intend to have another Grab Bag and Penny Parade for which I hope we will buy another mission baby.

Even if we don't win we feel that we're giving to a worthy cause.

Sincerely yours,

The Pupils of the Eighth Grade
in Room 21.

Congratulations! and may there be many more Penny Parades and Grab Bags for the Ransom of our helpless Pagan African Babies.

A Battle

SO FAR we have not been troubled by air raids and bombing in this our peaceful corner of British Nyasaland. Nevertheless during the past months an intense battle is being waged in several of our Mission Fields. We are not fighting a visible enemy, but the great and powerful Foe of Christianity all over the whole wide world: we are fighting the devil himself!

Of course it is by no means surprising that Satan, "the Arch-Liar from the beginning," still has such tremendous influence on the natives here. It is not yet fifty years since the first Mission was established in this country. Hence converts are living among pagans and they have only pagan traditions. When one considers the silly superstitious practices that still hold good in our civilized countries after centuries of Catholicism, how easily these ignorant Black people can be excused.

Our Paramount Chief, a heathen to his very finger-tips, has been considering his realm very attentively of late. In his Majesty's wicked fancy things have been going steadily from bad to worse. He believes there is much hatred. Many people die suddenly or after terrible illness; very many children disappear in infancy. Moreover, he cannot forget his own little son and heir, who died after a very short illness. Now this Kinglet has made up his mind to free the country of evil spirits.

In the pagan negro mind natural death simply does not exist. People do not die because there is a God above Who decides that their hour is come. They are believed to die cause they are bewitched by a wicked enemy who was longing to devour them and who has poisoned their food in some mysterious manner. So strong is their belief in witchcraft that they live in perpetual fear and suspicion of one another. They hold for certain that many of their neighbors whom they see every day, living in a human body like themselves, are not real men, they are "Mfiti," wizards.

A "Mfiti," much abhorred by the people, is one who harms his fellow men; one who is believed to turn alternately into beast or man. This fate befalls a person who lives in a state of intense hatred towards another and seeks to revenge himself or herself. All is mysterious about this strange being who does not realize himself that he is a



The Hope of Tomorrow.
A Sane Soul in a Sane Body!
Our Girls Love Physical Drill.

"Mfiti." During the dead of night, when all are asleep, he changes into a beast: a lion, a hyena, a leopard, or into a serpent, and goes about seeking out his enemies to devour them, for he is believed to live on corpses . . .

The negro does not reason much, and the belief in witchcraft is so inveterate in these dark people's minds that you just waste your time in trying to convince them of the inanity of such beliefs. You may have spent a whole afternoon explaining and proving that these magicians cannot possibly exist. When you are persuaded that the facts exposed to them are as clear as day, they will look at you and answer with their shrewd politeness; (they will never contradict a superior,) "Oh! don't they? I see." And after that, perhaps the very same day, they themselves may go to drink the ordeal-poison which is a terrible test of whether they are "mfiti" or not. Only the survivors are not guilty!

As aforesaid, the Paramount Chief is trying very hard to clear his country of all those thought to be bringing calamities upon his people and himself, and he has ordered all under suspicion to drink the "Ordeal-Poison." Its composition is a family secret handed down from father to son. The people believe in it as we believe in the Creed. The "singaga" (doctor) enriches himself by literally killing his fellow-men who go to buy death from him of their own accord. No one regrets the victims, on the contrary they rather rejoice, even if it happen to be a close relative.

Those who escape harm from the ordeal are the Kinglet's loyal subjects . . . Of course the sly "singaga" has cunning means and ways of ascertaining who is

suspected of being a "mfiti," and doses his pernicious drugs accordingly.

Lately people are speaking little else. We are continually hearing of other victims. This "ordeal-poison" is forbidden by British Law of course, so people have to leave the country to be able to drink it. But they do go; they must go; they seem to be driven to it by the devil himself. When all the "mfiti" of the country will have been eliminated, there will be a perfect peace and complete happiness. What a craving of the human heart all the world over! Are we not all of us too, looking forward to an era of peace and happiness.

You now understand one aspect of the battle that is raging here. Do pray with us that Christ Our Lord shall win this "War" as He must win the other one.

**Sister Mary Zachee
in Nyasaland.**

Acknowledgments

RANSOMED A YOUNG GIRL FOR THE NATIVE SISTERHOOD

Mr. Chas. Wm. Eldridge, Oswego, N. Y.

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

St. Joseph Cathedral School, Gr. 8, Room 21,
Hartford, Conn., 2 babies.
Sgt. and Mrs. L. J. Martel, Hattiesburg, Miss.
Mr. O. Godin, Springvale, Me., 10 babies.
Mrs. P. LeBeau, 2 babies.

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

Mrs. C. Maher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. C. Bartell, Plainfield, N. J.
Miss R. Deveau, Haverhill, Mass.
Miss R. Dargis, No. Adams, Mass.

TO PROVIDE BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.
Miss E. Ryan, Worcester, Mass.
Miss R. Dargis, No. Adams, Mass.

TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS

Mrs. G. B. Yale, Winter Park, Fla.
Mrs. J. Donnelly, St. Paul, Minn.

TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR 1st HOLY COMMUNION

Miss H. Basgier, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Mamma . . .

BEFORE THE GROTTO stood a Moor, a sharpshooter by trade. His bronze skin and his beard were typical of the country from which he came. For several minutes he remained motionless, his piercing black eyes fixed on the statue before him. Others who passed by probably thought it had aroused his curiosity. Perhaps he was one of these Mohammedans brought into the church by the Franciscan Fathers.

I admired the perfect posture of this man and his respectful attitude. Now he placed his hands on his breast in the formal salutation of the orientals and I noticed the movement of his lips in prayer.

For another moment he remained motionless, then bowed deeply, slowly and thoughtfully he walked to the fountain, filled and emptied a goblet of water three times. His devotion now being finished, he turned to leave.

I approached him and asked, "Are you a Catholic?" He was surprised at the question. "Me? Oh no! I am a Mohammedan." "However I saw you praying to the Blessed Virgin." He looked deep into my eyes and in spite of his sober face he was laughing. "Oh no, this lady," and he nodded toward the statue, "that is Mamma" and he threw her a kiss.

In the Mohammedan religion there is nothing to inspire this tender word. His devotion had been the impulse from the heart of a child. To show his respect and admiration for the woman who was above all others, the Mother of God, he followed one of the most noble instincts of the human heart. To him this visit was not a passing whim, every day finds him at the grotto with the same gestures, the same respect, the same prayer.

It is strange, even unbelievable to our human judgment, this prayer of the Mohammedan to the Mother of Christ, but we shall never know the graces which flow from the heart of our Blessed Mother even to those outside the Church who salute her by the title which to her is above all others: Mother!

Celebrating Christmas in Kenya

IT WAS DECEMBER 23rd, some years back, in Kenya. A group of Kavirondos and a few Kikuyus, (the two tribes that people the country,) were gathered together in animated conversation as a Sister approached them.

"I shall go to the Holy Trinity Mission for Christmas," said Stanislaus. "So will I," said Paul. "Yes, all of us will go there tomorrow evening."

What could be wrong with these men, who, by the way, were members of the Christmas Night choir. The Sister closed her books, and joined them in conversation as naturally as could be. "So you are all going? What do you miss here?"

"You see, Sister," said the leader, "at Rogoro they have such fun in waiting for Midnight Mass. They burn the devil in the meadow; they dance and sing round his ashes; whereas here it is so quiet on Christmas Night. It is too quiet for such a great feast!"

"So it is to see the devil burning that you all want to go away?"

"Precisely so. If we can burn the devil here, that will do as well and we shall stay."

It was a case of touch and go: either we make them a dummy devil to be burnt tomorrow night, or else some thirty young fellows will go, and our feast will be spoilt.

Next day there was great excitement at the Holy Family Mission. The converts from far and near kept arriving in crowds as is their wont for the great feast of the year. Men, women and children all went to Confession, and after that there was a unique centre of attraction. Out in the grounds, a devil, no less than thirteen feet high was being made. No stone was left unturned. The pleasure of it was well worth the trouble, thought the dear natives.

"This devil must be very big, to burn the longer; very ugly, because it is a devil; he must have a beard, a trident, etc." the Sisters heard the Kavirondos say. Under no condition must he be black, — for the people themselves are black; nor was it to be white, like the Missionaries, that would never do! Some sacking met with the makers' approval . . . The devil was to be a greyish brown.

The stalwart fellows hoisted the devil onto a stake and proceeded to prepare the fire. Each and all made it a point of honor to contribute to the fun. Tiny tots came along with their arms full of twigs. Wood

enough to cook the family meals for a year was soon accumulated round about. By 8 o'clock that evening a tremendous crowd had collected and a match was set to the bonfire. What cries of joy filled the air! Fancy burning the horrid old devil! How the natives jumped and danced for joy, and as ever, verses were composed on the spur of the moment!

"We have been burning the devil,

Calio, calio, calio,

Friends it is no evil,

Calio, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

We shall soon see in His manger

Calio, calio, calio,

Our God to whom we are no strangers,

Calio, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

We're overjoyed,

Calio, calio, calio,

The devil is destroyed!

Calio, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

The angels were a lovely sight,

Calio, calio, calio,

As they sung on Christmas night,

Calio, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

In the bright light of the full moon the shadows of the tall eucalyptus trees threw shades over the dancers and the joyful laughter continued till the Church bell calling them to Mass, put an end to it.

Quite satisfied with their noisy evening the choir was at its best that night, and none of the favorite carols were forgotten. Next morning the Crib had numerous visitors, and with a certain satisfaction at having burnt the Devil, the adorers seemed freer to love the Divine Babe the more.

A White Sister from Mangu.

OBITUARY

Rt. Rev. Msgr. N. A. Marnell, W. Orange, N. J.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. P. Kealy, Olyphant, Pa.

Rev. J. L. McCabe, Meadville, Pa.

Rev. R. Verhaeghe, W. F.

Rev. O. Goulet, W. F.

Rev. Bro. Raphael, W. F.

Mother M. Helene, W. S., Regional Superior of the Sahara.

Sr. M. Angele, W. S., Bostel, Holland.

Mrs. Wm. Kelleher, W. Newbury, Mass.

All who have died in this war.

R. I. P.

WANTED



Our Lady of Africa
deign to send
holy missionaries
to convert the
Mussulmans and
infidels of Africa.

YOUNG LADIES who are generous enough to devote their whole life to the African Missions, in answer to the prayer Our Divine Lord bade His Apostles make: "*The harvest indeed is abundant, but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into his harvest.*" St. Luke X, 2. . . .

Also hearkening to our late Holy Father Pius XI prognostics for Africa: "*The sun shines successively on different parts of the earth. At present the Sun of Grace is shining on Africa. The times of Providence strike hourly. We must be on the alert so as to leave neither before nor after, but on the stroke sharp. And I, the Pope declare that Africa's hour has struck.*"

Although the strain of the war in Africa has not received wide publicity, the White Sisters, whose mission field is exclusively that continent, are greatly worried over the decrease of recruits from Europe as a result of the war.

If God in his mercy whispers to you His Divine Call, do not hesitate. God and souls are calling you.

For information write to:

Reverend Mother Superior
White Sisters Convent
Metuchen, New Jersey.

WILL

Our Legal Title Is

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now or later. Why not include this clause?

"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of Dollars."



Theresia, our little orphan, and her little leper friend

"Whatever you have done to these My little ones you have done to ME."

Thousands of orphans in the different Orphanages and Leper Asylums of our Missions - look and appeal to you for Charity.

These helpless little ones - among whom are lepers, as Theresia's friend - others are blind and infirm - ask of you their daily Bread - their Christmas dinner. - Can you refuse during these days when our European benefactors can no longer help? - They look forward to **YOU** to assist them.

We know you will respond again this year, God will bless you - these innocent children will pray for you.

Please do not **refuse** us, we have not the heart to send them away - and where would they go?

Kindly share your means with them, in accordance with the riches God has bestowed upon you.



Please fill in the Stocking
and return it to:

White Sisters
Convent

319 Middlesex Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey



